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## "IT'S ONLY A DROP."

From Mrs. S. C. Hall's stories of the Irish Peasantry.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—say, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rug, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us as proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her hands, and repeating an Ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but that's not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and so, a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my heart's stone, with no one to keep me company but the old black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "I will be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor old Pushen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says, he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, nor he; he won't let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of soap; he won't let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swap an Ellen for a Mary; so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than I ever had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to speak of it when he is not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I will cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "before. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. Hush!—whist! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footstep on the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good humored face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night! Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across that moor is the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that hates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about so that you won't know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove in her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straight-forward question, whether

she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie; she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed, and immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, biyths, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for one great fault—an inclination to take "the least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair country-women, well, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my country-women, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcollin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was only a drop, the least taste in life that overcame me. It overlook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"

"Oh, Ellen," interrupted her lover, "it's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly, "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"Is very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a table spoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table spoon full?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation and the overcomingness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I you know are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that does lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the least taste in life. I look at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lenny, I'll be on in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you quantify to your own undoing, by fancying because the least taste in life makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—not!"

"I'll swear any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath; he is anxious of having a chance of breaking; I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the least drop in life. If that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you dare trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure you've some English blood in your veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not

many marriage does his reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghtion. Stacy was very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstart, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses at they passed her, and may be she didn't bless them for it. One day Mike had gone home before me, and coming down the back boheen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon's (the dog man) hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the base to tear her in pieces. The dog was soon up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her. Master Nixon cursed me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about her with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off, and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground. "Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life!" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. "Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed on my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink! whiskey! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, can do so. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiffs' knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of all the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he? they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black flag streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting, drunken company, his voice was heard swearing 'he had lived like a king, and would die like

a king!" "And your mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came: she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how! Oh, there are things that have had whiskey as their beginning and their end, and make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard made law!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat old Stacy's words," said Ellen: "you see I never forgot them." "You might think," she continued, "that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who was too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which had made me shed no tear over my father's grave. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him that wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, thing's didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment; he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worst for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear."

"Oh, boys," said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face—poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale as she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water.

"I must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darling, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years old, and he was fop of her—he said he was, but it's a queer fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Ladyday, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would—he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I looked sulky and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle, and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot, very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darling was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said: though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light glow coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird that flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume-cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that

and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropped the candle in the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with what had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death; there was nothing left of my child to kiss—think of that; I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden on my heart."

"But her husband—her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks, she supposed, roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years though the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf."

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

"And I am happy to say, for the honour and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that 'the least taste in life,' is a great issue too much! that 'only a drop' is a temptation fatal, if unresisted."

The following story so well suits the procrastinating dispositions of some men, that we cannot refrain from publishing it for the particular edification of any "Easy Joe Bruce" who may have the good fortune to read it, and thereby profit by the moral which it inculcates.

Pet. Intel.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. H. WELD.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half his name, or of any thing else which belonged to him. "I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpey have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday!" He left his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting-room of Hawk & Harpey. One half his speed on the day before would have saved his debt; as it was, he was just in season to put on his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half prepared ones, to receive ten per cent.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmate and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"You meant! That is always your way, Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear!"

"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

"And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine, and none of the masculine gender could have kept pace with her. Certainly, Easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she raised. Easy Joe pulled a cigar case out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and it almost seemed that the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so pleased was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes; Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been more punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was, he took the same pride in neglecting it under her lecture, that the Grand Nation took so long in refusing to pay the claims of our citizens."

"Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce!"

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tithe of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce; I—"

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash came an elegant mantel clock down upon the hearth.

"There, Mr. Bruce! that clock has stood there three months without fastening; a single screw would have saved it; but—"

"Well, I meant to!"

"You meant! Mr. Bruce—You meant won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpey's note!—You meant, indeed!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on "Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the matrimonial breeze, and nobody would suspect from his countenance that Hawk & Harpey had failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce!

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check. Pingree was chosen President of the Bank, this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How deucedly unlucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself!"

"Never mind, Bruce," said another, "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire in Speederville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

"Insured! my policy expired last week. I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not; Speederville is burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpey."

"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"I meant to, but—"

"But—give me no buts."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Never in better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars," Mrs. Bruce sat down, and clapped her feet on the fenders, after her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars, madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We will play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpey's—and then go and beg our way to Speederville, to play to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you meant to have insured. I should like begging of all things."

"You abominable woman! I shall go mad."

"Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Bruce! They put mad men in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife interrupted him. "Here, Joseph, here is a paper I meant to have shown you this morning!"

"A policy, and dated yesterday!"

"Yes. You meant to get it renewed to-day. I meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, for you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. I meant—"

"No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is the first on Hawk & Harpey's assignment?"

"Your brother."

"His claim covers you both."

"You are an angel, Mrs. Bruce. Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her wretched 'out-door business.' She died years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect that, after her death, he partially relapsed into his old habits; as true it is, that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the great yard at Speederville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation which took place between the grave digger and his assistant:

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

"I do not know exactly. His will says next to his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I do not know. Easy Joe always said he meant to place an obolus over her—but it never was done."

One of the dukedoms of Germany, containing an area of about ten square miles, is held by the second son of the late duke. The eldest son and heir is a farmer of Warren county, Missouri, and refuses to have a farm for a ducal crown, with ten square miles, full of subjects to maintain its dignity.

A Pinch of Snuff.—"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"

"Why my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."



From the Fayetteville Observer.

### COMMON SCHOOLS.

We hope the people will not forget, amidst the din of party politics, that they have a question of even greater importance than ordinary, to decide at the election next month. It is a question whether they will avail themselves of the wise provision made by act of the legislature, for making a beginning in a system of Common Schools. By that act, the people are called upon to vote, whether they will raise by taxation, twenty dollars for every forty dollars to be paid out of the Literary Fund, to support a School in each district of six miles square. A separate poll is to be opened at every election ground, and those who are in favor of the plan, will vote "School," those opposed to it "No School."

We do not for a moment doubt that the plan will be adopted in this county, and generally throughout the State. Two considerations alone assure us that this will be the result. In the first place, we are sure that the whole people of North Carolina are alive to the importance of education, and anxious to place it within the reach of every child, at all points, and at a cheap rate. The State proposes out of funds already in hand, to pay forty dollars for each district which shall build a school house and collect twenty dollars. The second consideration is, that we have no idea that Cumberland county will refuse her share of this beneficial provision, whilst she sees Robeson accept of hers, and vice versa. The average number of School Districts of six miles square in each county will be about twenty. Suppose Robeson should accept the benefit of the act, she would receive from the Literary Fund, for the education of her children, \$800, whilst Cumberland if she were to reject it, would get nothing. Of course Cumberland will not be so lost to her own interest, to say nothing of her character, as to reject the law, so far as she is concerned, for, be it remembered, though she may reject it, it is still imperative as to other counties.

We have heretofore published the law, which is also in the hands of every Justice of the Peace, and we have now again referred to the subject for the purpose of introducing the following close of a communication, by an able writer in the Greensborough Patriot:

"I spoke heretofore of the loss to each individual, should the project prove impracticable—now what would be the loss to the State? Not one fourth of the interest on its Literary Fund for one year. There being 1250 districts, \$20 to each will make only \$25,000. Where would even that be gone? Not buried in the ocean, nor forever lost to us. But dispersed throughout the length and breadth of our State—a little in every man's pocket. Would not the additional school-houses we should then have over the country—the spirit thereby started, and the information disseminated, added to the light of that experiment to guide us in future, amply compensate? Bear in mind, that in all emergencies the principal is to be held sacred and unquenchable. I have said that \$40 was not the extent to which the State could have gone for each district. North Carolina covers an area of 50,000 square miles. It is estimated that on account of the vast and inaccessible swamps in the east, and mountains, unproductive of cultivation in the west, one tenth is uninhabited. If the remainder, 45,000 of inhabited territory, be laid off into six miles square, or as nearly so as the nature of the country will admit, we have 1250 districts. So you at once see that the income, as estimated above, will allow \$20 to each. The proposition to us is 2 for 1, so if the State gives \$90, we shall have to raise \$45; making \$135. Will not this maintain a school 6 months? Had we not better take care for that period, with a hope of getting one for a longer hereafter, than have none at all? This is called a day of light and knowledge, but how many children around us have no school to go to? how many are without the means of going, though within its reach? how many are growing up in ignorance, and will soon be beyond the age to go? Shall we not provide for the present generation, though we cannot do it to the fullest extent? Shall the blessing of education be withheld, when it can be granted? Shall it be deferred when hundreds and thousands would rejoice at the reception of even a pittance? Let us now lay the foundation of a universal system and adapt it in time to all the wants of the country. If this opportunity slips from us, unimproved, is it sure the next Assembly will agree upon another, or the next, or the next? If deferred only a year or two, how many of our countrymen in that short time, will pass the chance of its benefits?"

Those who have schools at their doors, or the means to send their children abroad, should feel for others. Not only sympathize with the child thus deprived, but extend his benevolence to his country, and to future. The mind of one child left in darkness might be the loss of an ornament to the State and to the church. The path of another to degradation, to infamy, might be traced to the failure to enlighten it while young. Is not every man interested in the development and exercise of the public intellect? Is not every one concerned for the cultivation of morality—for the preservation of peace and good order—for the spread of religion—for the elevation of our national character—and for general prosperity in all departments? Do we not care for the suppression of crime and vice? Do we not care that our neighborhoods, our coun-

ty, and our State, would put on an exalting aspect under the happy auspices of universal education. It is said to be the history of the world, that the enterprise and consequent wealth of every country is in direct proportion to its intelligence. "It is mind that acquires dominion over matter, and education that forms the mind." Do not the security of life, liberty, and of property, as well as the pursuit of happiness, depend in a great measure upon it? Can we calculate what is dependent upon the intelligence and integrity of the jury box, and the ballot box? Professor Taylor, of N. York, says, "It is cheaper for any community to educate the infant mind, than to support the aged criminal. If you will give your pence to common schools, it will save your pounds from being laid out on jails and such establishments." Is it not true that we are taxed every year for the prosecution of insolvent criminals, their maintenance, and other similar purposes, and feel it not our complaint? Why not contribute cheerfully to the removal of the prime cause—to the extirpation of the very root? In Prussia, it is said crime and pauperism have decreased 38 per cent. since the commencement of her common schools; a clear proof of their practical influence. So in Scotland, Contrast Scotland, where they exist, with Ireland, where they do not. Contrast it even with proud England. Read the reports on prison discipline from Ohio, Connecticut, the other northern States, and from England—they will carry conviction to every reader. Scotland has few crimes, few beggars, no poor rates—England saves the expense of public schools, and pays \$50,000,000 a year, in courts, penal colonies, and poor rates.

"I wish I had space to give full statements on this head from all the sources before me, but I have not. "Republicans can grow luxuriantly, only in the soil of popular education. The excellence and stability of our social edifice must be based upon the virtue and intelligence of our citizens. It is not enough that the children of one man in a neighborhood, or of a few, be virtuous and intelligent, but it should become the life blood of the whole political body. And if it is to be reduced to a metallic standard, how would you solve the question, whether it be not cheaper than ignorance, to the State, to the country, to the taxpayer?"

GUILFORD.

**False Teeth versus Matrimonial Pledges.**—At a trial which recently took place in Kendall county, Ohio, a Miss Leaser recovered some \$139 from a Mr. Smith for refusing to marry her according to agreement. The defendant insisted on his excuse that his inamorata were false teeth, and false curls, to boot, of a different colour from her own natural hair; and that with all due deference to the court, he did not agree to marry any such things as these. But the jury gallantly decided that false teeth and false curls were very good things in their place, and that even if the plaintiff wore them, "a gal's a gal for a' that," and so mulcted the defendant in damages. So Johnny Smith had to walk up and pay over his sovereign "cure all" for wounded affections and broken hearts. We advise all ardent bachelors to profit by the example of John Smith, and inspect their future wives as they would the horses that they wished to buy—by looking at their teeth. The law settled above renders it incumbent for one to do so at the outset, or suffer the consequence. *Rochester Advertiser.*

### MODERN DEGENERACY.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania it was supposed would adjourn without electing a U. S. Senator to succeed Mr. McKean, the Senate having refused to go into an election. This is the fourth occurrence of the kind that has happened within a few months, and unless a thorough change takes place in the feelings and conduct of both parties, we do not see, but it is to be of perpetual recurrence. It becomes both parties to frown down these attempts by wicked and profligate politicians to defeat the ends of government.

If this state of things continue, the U. S. States Senate must cease to exist. It will be absolutely impossible, in a very short time, should the moral and political depravity spread itself through all the States, for any legislature to elect a Senator, unless one and the same party has a majority in both branches. As patriots, as Americans, we should blush at such evidences of demoralization and utter extinction of all sense of country.

Wilmington Advertiser.

From the Greensborough Patriot.

The true issue between the political parties here is on the Sub-Treasury; this is the rock on which they split. This is the prominent, distinguishing measure of the administration, by the side of which all others sink into comparative insignificance. This is the cap-stone of executive "experimentation," and the boldest federal experiment ever proposed to the American people, notwithstanding the deafening bellow of "Democracy and the People!" raised by its advocates. This is the...

—the liberty of heaven

To serve the devil in

we do abhor from our very souls. The advocates of the sub-treasury, as well as its enemies, see the ugliness of this bastard of a republican government, and are continually endeavoring to keep out of view the harsh prominence of its features, and to hide its dark federal deformities, by diverting the attention of the beloved people to something else. They—as well as you or we—are aware that the system would soon be modified (if indeed it now requires any modifying) into

a government bank, exercising more influence, and wielding more dangerous power over the liberties of this Republic than any national bank could do. That currency—that medium of exchange which has the patronage and confidence of the government—which owns the government—will direct and control the monetary interest of the nation. The evils inevitably attending this system have been clearly, intuitively seen, and thrice rejected by the people,—yet the executive hangs on to its favorite with a pertinacity truly astonishing in an humble servant of the people.

No wonder the editors expectant, and other modest democrats of the day who are "licking their chops" for little sub-treasuries and other fat offices within the executive gift, should throw their mantles over this incipient monster to hide it from the people's view, and strain their nerves and throats to turn the issue to something else.

Let an opponent of the administration, in endeavoring to argue the consistency and propriety of his course, only mention "Sub-Treasury"—and the democrat thunders out "Henry Clay and his fifty million bank!"

Whig.—But the Sub-Treasury— "Whiggery and abolition!" squalls the democrat like a young earthquake.

Whig.—I wish to observe that the Sub-Treasury—

Dem.—Down with the faithless banks!—I hate banks and bank stock holders!—give me hard money!

Whig.—Let me talk a little, if you please. The Sub-Treasury—

Dem.—Down with aristocracy!—the poor folks are oppressed by the rich!

Whig.—But the Sub-Treasury—

Dem.—Hurrah for Jackson and Van Buren!

And there's an end of the matter.

**Levi Woodbury.**—We understand that the Secretary of the Treasury finds his experiment for debasing four gold so useful in retaining it in the country, that he is now engaged in a correspondence with some distinguished financiers of this city to ascertain if the same principle cannot be applied to our silver coin! He thinks if the dollars can be made worth less than a hundred cents, and half dollars worth less than fifty, that it will be rather unprofitable business to export them at full prices. We are much of the same mind. Next to buying dollars at a hundred and forty cents a piece, as the Government now purchases them at the New Orleans mint, is this notable invention of Mr. Secretary Woodbury, for keeping the silver in the country. *N. Y. Courier.*

### THE CHARTISTS.

The papers convey the idea that Bristol is likely to become the first scene of Chartism action. The Morning Herald says:

"The Bristol Chartist, it is said, has threatened to begin the 'revolution' by making a bonfire of the shipping at that port; and that they may not lack courage, the Bristol 'Liberals' were to assemble yesterday, under the pretence of addressing the Queen, but in reality with the view of kindling the flames of discord among the most inflammatory population in her Majesty's dominions."

"The Ordnance department in the Tower has been particularly busy during the last week in shipping and forwarding military stores to all parts of England and Wales. Bedding and stores of every description, for about 2,000 men, have been forwarded to Bristol in wagons. Two van loads were sent away to the west of England at a late hour on Wednesday night. Camp equipages, muskets, &c. have been forwarded to the troops in the North. Thirty thousand muskets for the home service have been ordered, and the furnishing and gunsmiths in the Tower have been, and are now, actively employed in getting them ready; and indeed the most active measures are now being adopted to preserve the peace of the country."

Two of the delegates to the Birmingham Convention were arrested on the night of the 18th. The evidence adduced against them was in relation to their speeches at an assemblage of the Chartists, to the following effect:

"I call upon you all to do as I should do—arm yourselves and be ready, and then you will be prepared to meet your enemies, whether they come from France, or Germany, or Russia, or your own domestic tyrants." "I don't know how long you mean to bear the tyranny of the rich aristocrats, but I can tell you I mean to bear it very little longer. Arm yourselves, and be ready to resist your oppressors. Depend upon nothing but Almighty God and your own right arms." "Gentlemen, you know the aristocrats have left you scarce enough to support nature, while they are wallowing in wealth and luxury on their sofas, and rolling through the streets in their carriages; and if a poor beggar looks up to them and asks them for a trifle, they throw themselves back in their carriages, and threaten with disdain and contempt."

"I—d scoundrels, they rely upon the soldiers putting us down; but they won't—they are taken from among our own ranks. But if we are united, what can the soldiers do? We have only to walk arm-in-arm, and we could trample them under our feet. The Whigs are greater scoundrels than the Tories—hypocrites, who, under the pretence of liberty, have denied us all our rights. We must demand our rights, and, if an aristocratic Government do not grant them, we must seize them by force of arms. They are violating the Constitution every day; they are the enemies of

the country, and we must arm ourselves to resist them. They may hang me up at the rope's end if they like; I'm ready to shed my blood for the sake of posterity. Prepare yourselves with pikes, and muskets, and bayonets, and swords and be ready to fight for your lives and liberties, whether your enemies are foreign or domestic tyrants. Read Paine's 'Rights of Man.' I have. I say nothing about his theological works, but I agree with every word of what he says in his 'Rights of Man.' I stand upon the rights of my order. We, the working classes, won't submit to the tyranny of the aristocrats."

On the morning of the arrest, handbills, of which the following is a copy, were posted about the town:

"CHARTIST ARREST! Conspiracy by the Police!"

"Men of Birmingham! An attempt has been made, by an arrest of one of your delegates, and threats against the others, to rouse you into a partial outbreak. Be calm and steady; trust to the convention, and disappoint the malice of your enemies. All the London Chartists are already liberated, and you have nothing to fear for your friends Browne and Fassell, if you do not injure the cause by a premature outbreak. As soon as the charge against them is known, you will be advised how to act; in the mean time they shall be protected."

### FROM AFRICA.

Dr. S. M. E. Goheen, formerly of Columbia, Pa., who has spent the last two years at Monrovia, in the colony of Liberia, has just returned in good health, and bright anticipations of the ultimate success of the enterprise in which the Colonization Society is engaged. We learn from him, that the present condition and prospects of the society are more encouraging than they have been at any former period. The inhabitants are turning their attention to agriculture, and find the soil most admirably adapted to it.

He handed us a file of a newspaper called "Africa's Luminary," just commenced at Monrovia. In typographical appearance it excels most of the country newspapers in the United States, and the editorial department is conducted with ability. The paper exhibits a pleasing indication of the prosperity of the Colony, and what has been and what can be done towards colonizing Africa, and elevating the depressed African in the scale of humanity.

The Luminary says the health of the colony, and the extremely light manner in which strangers have been attacked by the prevailing fever, is "matter not only of astonishment but of gratitude to God." Dr. Goheen has enjoyed good health during the greater part of his residence in Africa, and speaks of the country as far exceeding his anticipations. We congratulate him and his many friends upon his safe arrival to his "Faderland," after so long an absence in an uncongenial climate, subject to the diseases which often prove so fatal to strangers under a tropical sky. *Pa. Courier.*

### THE WAR IN SPAIN.

The following account of the capture of Ripoll in Catalonia, has been sent to the General in command of the 21st military division to the Minister of War, and is published in the *Anciente*:—"A despatch from Campredon arrived at Paris de Mollo on the 29th of May, stating that the Carlists entered at 10 in the morning of the 27th through a breach 20 feet wide, on which a part of the garrison was killed. The rest, with the commandant, took refuge in the church of St. Peter, where they capitulated. No fewer than 2,500 balls were fired upon the town. On the 28th Ripoll was burnt to the ground, and upwards of 900 persons perished in the flames. The most horrible cruelties were committed. In one house 25 women, who had taken refuge there, were massacred by the bayonets of four Carlist soldiers. A mother surrounded by her five children, the eldest not more than nine years old, had them all torn from her, and four were killed before her face with the butts of the men's muskets, and the other was thrown out of a window on the second floor. The mother herself died of the wounds she received in defending them. Consternation reigns throughout the surrounding country. Women continue to fly into France for refuge." The Catalan correspondent of the *France Meridionale* of Toulouse confirms this account, and states that the Carlists who besieged the place were 8,000, and that the garrison was only from 400 to 500. "The women contributed greatly to the defence of the place, which held out eight days, and was only taken after three assaults. The commandant, M. Frise, behaved with the greatest bravery, and killed the officer who led the attack with his own sword on the breach. The whole of the inhabitants have perished."

**The Sac and Fox War Party.**—The Burlington (Iowa) Gazette of the 8th ult. says:

"A gentleman direct from the agency on the Des Moines informs us that the war party of the Sacs and Foxes, of which we spoke some four or five weeks ago, returned some days since, bringing with them eight scalps, about an equal number of squaws as prisoners, and several horses. The Indians thus cruelly butchered were of the Omaha tribe, from the Missouri. The party consisted of ten men, with their squaws; and although only eight scalps were brought in, it is supposed that not a single man escaped. We are not aware that feelings of hostility have heretofore existed between these nations. The ostensible object of the Sac and Fox party was to chastise the Sioux. The expedition was

headed by Pa-na-sa, a bold and daring brave, who recently inflicted a dangerous wound upon the person of Ke-o-kuck."

From the Raleigh Register.

### OUR UNIVERSITY.

There was quite a literary carnival at Chapel Hill, last week, and as we happened to be "a lonker on at Venice," we shall briefly state the leading incidents to which the occasion gave birth. It was the Annual Commencement of the College, and we will premise, that the exercises were attended by a very numerous auditory, embracing some of the most distinguished citizens of the State, among whom were all the living Ex-Governors of N. Carolina, with one exception; and (what was much more important to the young gentlemen of the College) the proportion of the fair sex who graced the scene with their presence, was unusually large. It is gratifying to perceive that each succeeding year imports to this interesting celebration a fresh degree of attraction—a circumstance indicative of an improved tone of feeling, which promises the most auspicious results to the State.

The public exercises, which commenced on Monday, were continued on each day till the evening of Thursday. On Monday evening the following young gentlemen, selected from the Freshman Class, declaimed on the subjects specified, viz:

Peter Holmes, (Southampton, Va.) Trimble on the Amendment to the Constitution.

Robert Campbell, (Marengo, Ala.) Marlow on State Sovereignty.

William M. Barrow, (Edenton,) on the Metempsychosis.

Thomas J. Morisey (Sampson county.) Menefee on the Public Defaulters.

Ashly W. Spaight, (Selma, Alabama,) Fisk's vindication of the Rights of Man.

William F. Martin, (Elizabeth City,) Clay on the New Army Bill.

John B. Smith, (Granville county,) on the Sublime and Beautiful.

On Tuesday evening, there was a declamation again by the following members of the Sophomore Class:

William J. Clark, (Raleigh,) Eulogy on Capt. Nathaniel Hale.

Francis M. Pearson, (Anson county,) Kennedy on the Appropriation Bill.

Robert Strange, (Fayetteville,) Custis on the benefits of the American Constitution.

Atlas O. Harrison, (Raleigh,) on Female Education.

Joseph J. Norcott, (Greenville,) Prentiss on the recent Defalcations.

Wm. F. Dancy, (Trabourough,) Peyton on the Removal of the Deposites.

John W. Cameron, (Moore county,) on the Summum Bonum.

We trust it will not be deemed invidious to remark, that the last speech was an original composition, and abounded throughout with the most delicate touches of satire and humor, which kept the audience in one continued roar from the beginning to the end.

On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, the Annual Address was pronounced before the two literary societies by the Hon. Bedford Brown. The orator occupied one hour and a half in its delivery. Of this production, it is but sheer justice to say that it fully met public expectation—that it inculcated sound views on the subject of Education—was totally divested of party feeling, and was delivered in a manner generally animated and impressive. But as it is understood that arrangements have already been made for its speedy publication, it is unnecessary to say anything further, as the public will soon have an opportunity of deciding on its merits. We cannot, however, forbear the expression of our gratification, that the address, throughout, breathed a spirit of devotion to the best interests of the institution; not that we had any reason to doubt Mr. B.'s soundness on this subject, but we were glad to see a rebuke given to those members of his party, who, destitute of laudable state pride, are endeavoring to excite prejudices against the University.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Address to the alumni of the University was delivered by Hugh McQueen, esq. This offering at the shrine of literature, was honored in receiving the most enthusiastic plaudits which enlightened judgment or unprejudiced reason could bestow. In our opinion, it entitles the author to rank among the first men in North Carolina, of his age; and when published, public sentiment will, we think, ratify our judgment.

On Wednesday evening, the following representatives of the two literary Societies delivered original speeches, viz: Francis H. Hawks, (Washington,) on the influence of Literature on the destiny of Man.

John A. Lillington, (Wilmington,) on the tendency of Revolutions.

David A. Barnes, (Northampton county,) on Popular Education.

Calvin H. Wiley, (Guilford county,) on the durability of our Political Institutions.

Willis H. McLeod, (Johnston county,) on Slavery.

Isiah W. Garrott, (Wake county,) on the Literature of the United States.

These orations were highly creditable to the speakers, and elicited the hearty applause of the audience.

Thursday was Commencement Day, and the following was the order of the exercises, viz:

### FORENOON.

Prayer.

Oration—On the officious interference of Government—by Jarvis Buxton, (Fayetteville.)

Oration—On the influence of Science upon individual happiness—by Deans D. Ferber, (Currituck county.)

Oration—On the indissoluble connexion between Liberty and Law—by Walter A. Huake, (Fayetteville.)

Oration—On the tendency of our Government to Democracy—by J. N. Barkdale, (Rutherford, Tennessee.)

### AFTERNOON.

Oration—On North Carolina and Thomas Jefferson—by Thos. D. Meares, (Wilmington.)

Oration—On the Liberty of the Press—by Isaac N. Tillett, (Camden county.)

Valedictory Oration—by Alpheus Jones, (Wake county.)

Report on the Public Examination. Degrees conferred.

Prayer.

The orations delivered on this occasion by the Seniors exhibited an unusual degree of talent, and many of them of high moral and intellectual attainments. They gave marked evidence of having been well taught, and of having minds thoroughly disciplined by the laborious study of a collegiate course, and of being prepared to act well their several parts on the great theatre of life.

The Senior Class consisted of C. M. Avery, of Burke, J. T. Barkdale, of Rutherford, Tenn. W. F. Brown, of Caswell, Jarvis Buxton, of Fayetteville, R. S. Donnell, of Craven, D. D. Ferber, of Currituck, John L. Hadley, of Nashville, Tenn. James H. Headen, of Chatham, Walter A. Huake, of Fayetteville, Alpheus Jones, of Wake, Angus C. McNeill, of Roberson, Thomas D. Meares, of Wilmington, and Isaac N. Tillett, of Camden—on each of whom, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen, alumni of the institution, viz: James W. Osborne, of Charlotte, Henry I. Toole, of Washington, Ralph H. Graves, of Chapel Hill, J. C. Smith, of Fayetteville, Horace L. Roberts, of Granville, William P. Bond, of Bertie, John Graham Tull, M. D. of Kinston, John A. Downey, M. D. of Granville, Robert A. Ezell, of Northampton, Rev. Wm. N. Mebane, Rev. Thomas Jones, Rev. John C. Hampton, and on the Rev. Drury Lacey, of Raleigh.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. George W. Freeman, Rector of Christ Church in this city, and on the Rev. Alexander Wilson, Principal of the Caldwell Institute, Greensborough, Guilford county.

After conferring the degrees, an address was delivered by the President, Gov. Swain, chiefly in reference to the improving condition of the University. Never was its situation more prosperous, and our earnest wish is, that it may continue to flourish yet more and more, yearly to send forth from its walls, a race of men to bless and adorn our highly favored country.

The New York Evening Post mentions a singular fact in relation to a light house in Chautauque county, New York—that the light is maintained by gas issuing from a rock. The Post says:

"The light-house at Barcelona, in Chautauque county, New York, is lighted by natural gas, which escapes from fissures in the rocks near the shore. The supply is a never failing one, and no light equals it in power. A rude reservoir has been erected over one of the fissures in the rock, by which the gas is conveyed in pipes to the light-house. The Buffalo Advertiser reminds us that there are gas streams similar to those at Portland or Barcelona, in the neighborhood of Fredonia, a few miles from Barcelona, and that the supply obtained from them has been used for lighting that flourishing village. But few have any knowledge of the fact above mentioned. It is certainly curious that gas of so pure a quality should issue from the earth in such quantities, and for such a length of time."

**An Orang Outang.**—An animal of this species, and of a truly extraordinary character, has just arrived at this port, in the ship Saluda, from Africa. We are told that it is more perfect in its proportions, & in its resemblance to the human form, than any specimen of the kind ever seen in this country. *Inquirer.*

**Southern Mail—Express Mails.**—We are requested to state for the information of those concerned, that an arrangement, by which the great mail is to be transported between New York and New Orleans in nine days, will take effect on the first of next month. In consequence of this improvement, the Express mails between Augusta, Ga., and Mobile, Ala., as well as the branch now in operation between Montgomery, Ala., and Nashville, Tenn., will cease to run on that day. *Globe.*

**Cotton.**—In the year 1770, when the wonderful improvement of an Arkwright began to be introduced into the machinery for spinning cotton, the annual consumption of cotton in British manufacture, was under four millions of pounds weight; and that of the whole of Christendom, was probably not more than ten millions. In 1838, the consumption of cotton in England & Ireland was about two hundred and seventy millions of pounds; and that of Europe and the United States together, four hundred and eighty millions! *Poulson.*

**Missing Vessel.**—The Bremen brig Amelia, Williams, master, which left Bremen on the 18th November last for New Orleans, with 95 passengers, has not since been heard from.

The Federal forces have surrendered to the Government troops of Mexico, and internal peace has been restored.



HILLSBOROUGH
Thursday, July 11.

Fourth of July.

The annual jubilee of our National Independence, was celebrated in this place on Thursday last with becoming manifestations of joy, and a lively sense of the inestimable blessings which have been secured to us by the active patriotism of our fathers.

A numerous concourse of citizens assembled in the Presbyterian Church at eleven o'clock, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Major Allen J. Davis, who preceded it with some very pertinent remarks by way of introduction. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. Witherspoon. The company then repaired to the Masonic Hall, and partook of a sumptuous dinner prepared by Mr. I. H. Spencer. Hugh Waddell, esq. presided, assisted by Thomas Clancy, esq. as vice president. After the cloth was removed, the following regular and volunteer toasts were drank by the company. The hilarity proper to the occasion was unclouded by any unpleasant occurrence, and the party adjourned at an early hour in the afternoon.

REGULAR TOASTS.

- 1. The 4th of July '76—The world should hold sacred the birth-day of freedom.
- 2. Washington—We cherish the recollection of his exalted virtues—great in the cabinet, great in the field, and super eminently great in retirement.
- 3. The heroes of '76—A nation's gratitude enshrines their memory.
- 4. The Declaration of Independence—First unfurled in the fields of North Carolina, it floated for a while the pennon of a small but gallant band, shedding inspiration wherever the gleamings of its folds were seen; when amplified and enlarged by other hands, it spread itself to the world the noblest banner under which a freeman ever fought.
- 5. The Federal Constitution—A holy wall, built of state sovereignties, and cemented by the blood of the heroes of '76, to fortify our country against the assaults of despotism and inordinate ambition.
- 6. La Fayette—Like the olive branch brought by Noah's dove, he came the harbinger of hope to an almost hopeless cause—his name shall be with us imperishable.
- 7. The States—May they be sisters, not rivals.
- 8. The freedom of the Press—Justly esteemed the palladium of public liberty, may it never be controlled by executive patronage, nor prostituted by designing demagogues.
- 9. North Carolina—In internal resources she is unsurpassed; in true hearts and strong hands she is number one.
- 10. Dr. Ephraim Brevard—The writer of the Mecklenburg Declaration—his own pen has raised for him the noblest monument ever erected to a patriot.
- 11. Gen. William R. Davis—North Carolina has no name of which she can be prouder.
- 12. The American Eagle—May his bright eye never dim, and his strong wing never tire; but with its broad and wavy pinion long cast a grateful shade over a happy and united country.
- 13. The Fair—May all cases to which they are parties, unlike other cases, prove equally beneficial to the suer and the sued—no non-suit.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

- By Major Allen J. Davis, Reader of the day. John Randolph—the scholar and the gentleman.
- By Hugh Waddell, esq. President of the day. The Reader of the Declaration—a worthy son of an honored sire.
- By Thomas Clancy, esq. Vice President. The memory of Dr. Joseph Caldwell, the father of the University of North Carolina.
- By Haywood Gulon, esq. a guest. The people of Hillsborough—presently hospitable in a land of hospitality.
- By Col. Charles M. Latimer. John C. Calhoun, the star of the South—may his political opponents never be able to obscure his lustre.
- By Henry K. Nash, esq. Henry Clay, the star of the whole Union—may he soon have his reward.
- By Dr. P. Jones. The town of Hillsborough—may she be prosperous.
- By Cad. Jones, jun. esq. Mr. Robert McCulloch—a patriot, when to be a patriot was at the risk of life.
- By Mr. Robert McCulloch, a soldier of the Revolution. Liberty throughout the world, especially to America.
- By Sidney Smith. Orange county—the land of our birth and the home of our affections—may attachment to every foot of her soil, and to all the great leading interests of her citizens, be our ruling passion through life.
- By Joan Odendahl. France and America—may their motto ever be, toujours pret for noble actions.
- By Capt. John Berry. The Consti-

lution of the United States, the palladium of our liberties.

By David Parker. Liberty throughout the world—an iron sceptre and a crown of thorns to every tyrant in the universe.

By Capt. Joseph Holt. Success to the Republican cause in this district.

By Cyrus D. Reeves. Henry Clay—the best and brightest button on Uncle Sam's coat.

By Dr. Walter A. Norwood. The President of the Day—he deserves the gratitude of the people of Orange for the sacrifices made in their behalf.

By Edwin A. Heatt. The American Fair—possessing the balance between virtue and vice, may they always throw their influence into the scale of virtue, and give it preponderance.

By Dr. F. J. Smith. A speedy union to every lad and lass—days of ease, and weeks of pleasure—may the wings of love never lose a feather.

On the return of this joyful anniversary, it is gratifying to know that the experience of sixty-three years has more than confirmed the high expectations which prompted our fathers when they nobly dared to declare this nation free and independent. At peace with all the world, and undisturbed by any alarming dissensions at home, we should offer our heartfelt thanksgivings to that overruling Providence which has raised us to so enviable a position among the family of nations. And relying on this same beneficent Providence, may we not hope for a long continuance of this happy union, and the entire preservation of all our invaluable institutions, and in prospect see even brighter "rays of light and glory" spreading a peaceful influence over our highly favored country.

In illustration of the spirit which animated the men of the revolution, and prompted to the daring action which laid the foundation of all our liberties, we publish the subjoined letter, written by one of the signers of the Declaration the day after the execution of that memorable deed. On giving this letter to its readers, the National Intelligencer offers a few reflections, of which the following are the concluding sentences:

"No danger is to be apprehended to our Republican system, so long as the people continue to inherit the spirit of those who framed it. It is only from the time when they shall cease to value and promote education, to cherish a religious sentiment, and to reverence those sacred relations of society to which the moral courage of our fathers owe their origin, their growth, and their fruits, that we may date the downfall of the Republic. If we only hold fast to the principles of the founders of the nation, the injunction of the illustrious John Adams, in the subjoined letter, written upon the occasion of the Declaration of Independence, may be fulfilled to the letter, and this great Festival be annually solemnized FOREVER.

Extract of a Letter from John Adams, dated Philadelphia, July 5th, 1776.

"Sir: Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, or will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed, with one dissenting colony, that these United States are and of right ought to be, free and independent States.

"The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It occurs to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other—from this time forward, FOREVER! You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost to maintain this declaration and support and defend these states; yet through all the gloom I can see rays of light and glory; I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not. I am, &c. JOHN ADAMS."

The Hillsborough Recorder insists that the 'Whigs' cannot support any man for Congress who will not 'make up his mind' on the two most important topics of the day, the Independent Treasury and the Presidency. The 'Whigs' will not support a non-committal man for Congress! Not they! 'Non-committalism' will not be permitted to be the order of the day in this district,' says the Recorder. And pray, Mr. Recorder, have you seen Geo. W. Haywood's circular? He is the 'whig' candidate for this district, and is decidedly non-committal on the subject of the Presidency. Oh, ha, that alters the case, perhaps!"

N. C. Standard.

Not at all, Mr. Standard. We are not accustomed to blow hot and cold, like a famed cotemporary we wot of. Our opinions are not 'made to order,' varying with the occasion. What we said yesterday, we are ready to repeat to-day; 'non-committalism' will not be permitted to be the order of the day in this district." And this we say, too, after having read Mr. Haywood's circular, and heard him address the people. Like a

true Whig, he comes out openly, and expresses his sentiments freely and plainly. As a citizen, his vote is his own, and in the exercise of his right of suffrage he will be dictated to only by his own best judgment; and under its guidance he hesitates not to declare his determination to vote for HENRY CLAY. But he acknowledges the right of instruction; and if elected, and the choice of President shall devolve on the House of Representatives, he will consider it his duty "to vote for that person who shall receive the majority of the suffrages in the district," although he might not be the one which he personally preferred. In that case it would be the people's vote, not his. Mr. Haywood has too much sense to suppose that the Whigs of this district will give their votes to a man who is either too imbecile or too politic to "make up his mind" upon questions so intimately connected with the prosperity of the country as the "Independent Treasury," or the election of President; and on these two points he has therefore made full and satisfactory explanations, as we have no doubt he is ready to do on all others. No, Mr. Standard: "Non-committalism is not the order of the day in this district."

We owe an apology to our readers for the reappearance of the article in our last page on the art of reducing household expenses. It was put in during our temporary absence, and was not discovered until too late to exchange it for other matter. It is pleasantly written, however, and contains useful hints, and its second appearance may not be without use.

By the following letter it will be seen that Mr. Webster has withdrawn his name from before the people as a candidate for the Presidency:

To the People of Massachusetts.

It is known that my name has been presented to the public, by a meeting of members of the Legislature of the State, as a candidate for the office of President of the United States, at the ensuing election. As it has been expected that a Convention would be held in the Autumn of this year, composed of Delegates from the several States, I have hitherto thought proper not to anticipate, in any way, the result of that Convention. But I am now out of the country, not to return, probably, much earlier than the period fixed for the meeting of the Convention, and do not know what events may occur, in the meantime, which, if I were at home, might demand immediate attention from me. I desire, however, to act no part, which may tend to prevent a cordial and effective union among those, whose object, I trust, is to maintain, unimpaired, the Constitution of the country, and to uphold all its great interests, by a wise, prudent and patriotic administration of the Government.

These considerations have induced me to withdraw my name as a candidate for the office of President at the next election. DANIEL WEBSTER. London, June 12, 1839.

Correspondence of the Nat. Intelligencer. New York, July 1.

We have had time to read, reflect upon, and digest the news by the Liverpool. The cotton dealers are, of course, delighted, and in fine spirits. The rise of cotton upon a close money market, and the powerful effort of the Bank of England to put it down, is indeed remarkable. The news respecting the British money market is, however, discouraging upon the whole. It is impossible to negotiate any of our securities or state stocks at present. Their non-availability has counteracted the advance in cotton of nearly two cents per pound, or eight dollars per bale, when the general fear was that the market would fall off.

Mr. Jaudon does come home. The U. S. Bank gives up the agency, and Baring, Brothers & Co. take it. Mr. Jaudon, you will remember, was sent out on account of some misunderstanding between the Bank and Barings, which, it appears, is now made up.

The Barings, it is stated in Wall street, have obtained subscriptions for about \$500,000 Ohio 6 per cents at 93. The stock of bullion in the Bank of England has been reduced to about 4,000,000 sterling. Of course money was scarce. The Bank of France had in its vaults, in June, 18,000,000 sterling—8,000,000 being about its usual supply. Business was bad in both countries, but in France there had been more failures than in England, where, indeed, there were none of consequence. The London Morning Chronicle says, if the pressure on the London money market had not abated, an arrangement would have been effected with the Bank of France, by which the latter Bank would have advanced to the former a large amount in gold. Lord Ashburton says there is a precedent for this.

The harvest promised well in England. In June the weather had been glorious. The grain market was falling under its influence. This, with expected supplies of bullion from Mexico and South America, was affording real relief to anxiety. Upon the whole I infer that the news, if not absolutely favorable, promises to be favorable. The worst sign of the times is the subjection of this country to

Great Britain, because we have no means here of counteracting the efforts of the Bank of England. The most persevering efforts are now making on the London Exchange to extort specie from us, to put down our produce, and to drive our stocks out of the Exchange, and we have no organized capacity of resistance. The city is in commotion about receiving the President.

The following articles are inserted for the peculiar benefit of the Standard:

To prove a marriage between the Whigs and the Anti-Slavery party, the Globe publishes as often as once a week the fact that William Slade of Vermont, is a "thoroughgoing abolition fanatic." A very little knowledge of Vermont politics will enable any one to decide which party is there most nearly allied to the abolitionists. Every candidate for Congress run by the Locos at the last election in that State, was connected with the Anti-Slavery Society. John Smith, the mongrel politician whose election in the Fourth District has been the cause of so many rejoicings among the Locos, and Barber, the competitor of Slade, are among the most ultra members; and Barber is the Secretary of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society. Nathan Smilie, the Locofoco candidate for Governor, was nominated because he would carry more abolition votes than any other man in the state. N. Y. Whig.

Among the most impudent acts of the Tory party, is the recent importation of an Abolitionist from New Bedford, in Massachusetts, to Nashville, in Tennessee, to become the Editor of the Tory organ in that state, the Nashville Union. This man was Jeremiah G. Harris, in New Bedford. But when he came to Tennessee, he changed his name to J. George Harris. Fortunately the slaveholders of Tennessee were able to identify him, notwithstanding his attempted deception. They hunted up his New Bedford papers, in which were found the most impassioned appeals to the abolitionists.

We strongly suspect that the same game has been played in this state. Several new papers have been started by the Tories within a few weeks, and it becomes those in the neighborhoods where they are located, to probe the matter and see whether those who have thus been imported to enlighten them, are sound on this vital subject. One of the new Editors is said to be a notorious infidel. By the way, can any one away down about Boston, tell what were the principles of the Editor of the Standard before it became his interest to charge Southern people with leaguings with abolitionists? We have our suspicions on this subject, and if we could get a clue by which to prosecute the inquiry, it should be done. Fayetteville Observer.

A contract has been made by the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road Company to carry a daily mail as far as Columbia. Wilmington Ad.

MARRIED.

In this county, on Thursday last, by Thomas Oldham, esq., Mr. RICHARD A. STANDFORD to Miss ELIZABETH ANN THOMPSON, daughter of William Thompson, esq., of this county.

In this town, on 20th ult., by Burris Cheek, esq., Mr. DAVID ANDERSON to Miss ELIZA JANE NEWMAN, daughter of Mr. Wm. Newman, of this place.

On the 28th ultimo, in Louisiana, Hon. JESSE A. BYNUM, Representative in the last Congress, from North Carolina, to Mrs. ENKLIN BRAY, of the parish of Rapide, La.

DIED.

On Saturday last, after a painful and lingering illness, Mrs. MARGARET B. KIRKLAND, relict of the late Mr. William Kirkland, aged about 66 years.

At Washington City, on the 26th ult., in the 79th year of her age, after a painful illness of several months' duration, Mrs. WINIFRED GALES, consort of JOSEPH GALES, Esq., of this city, (late of North Carolina), and mother of one of the Editors of the National Intelligencer, and of the junior Editor of the Raleigh Register. She was a native of Newark, in England, and emigrated to this country with her surviving husband and her then living children in the year 1795; resided in Philadelphia until 1799, and the remainder of the intervening time, except the last six years, in North Carolina. National Intelligencer.

Weekly Almanac.

JULY.	Sun rises	Sun sets.	Moon's PHASES.
11 Thursday,	4 52 7	8	11 50 after.
12 Friday,	4 52 7	8	11 50 after.
13 Saturday,	4 53 7	7	11 50 after.
14 Sunday,	4 53 7	7	11 50 after.
15 Monday,	4 54 7	6	11 50 after.
16 Tuesday,	4 54 7	6	11 50 after.
17 Wednesday,	4 55 7	5	11 50 after.

Hillsborough Academy.

ANNE Fall Session will begin on Thursday the 8th of August. Such is the arrangement of classes, that any probable number of scholars can receive ample and efficient attention. Classical Dep. J. A. Bingham. Tuition \$15 in advance. J. A. Bingham. English Dep. S. W. Hughes. Tuition \$15 in advance. S. W. Hughes. The Raleigh Register, Star and Standard, Newbern Spectator, Edenburg Gazette, Fayetteville Observer, Wilmington Weekly Chronicle, and Western Carolinian will insert the above three times, and forward their accounts. June 13, 75-30

Hillsborough Debating Society.—The members of the Hillsborough Debating Society are requested to meet on Tuesday evening next, at the usual hour. QUESTION for debate: "Is a man who is politically dishonest, morally so?" July 11, 1839. 76-

Notice.

PROPOSALS will be received by the undersigned until the 1st of August, for making a side walk on the south side of King Street, from Mr. Brown's to Maj. Taylor's premises; and on the east side of Churton Street, from King to Tryon Streets. The walk to be kirbed and filed in with sand. I. H. SPENCER, LEMUEL LYNCH, WM. H. BROWN, Committee. July 10, 1839. 76-

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Hillsborough, N. C., on the 1st day of July, 1839, which if not taken out in three months, will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

Rev. Solomon Apple	John Jackson
Wm. Anderson	Duke Jordan
Hannah Anders	Wm. C. Jackson
B	K
John Bingham	Thomas Kirk
Job. Berry	L
Sam'l Bumpass 2	John Lockhart
James Brown	M
W. Brannock	Mr. McCracken
Mrs. Sally & Julia	Wagon-maker
Butlers	James Murphey
C	H. C. McDade
Lewis Craven	James Mallett
David Chisenhall	Wm. McKerral
James H. Christie	N
Kenneth M. Clark	O. Newlin
Joseph Colwell	Wm. P. Nelson
Reubin Carden 2	O
Benj. Crutchfield	Ellen O'Ferrell
Thomas Cate	John Primrose 3
Polly Campbell	R
Wm. Carrington	James Riggs
Benj. Cole	John Redden
Thomas Coutech	James Ray
D	Wm. W. Roberts
Baxter Davis	S
James Dougherty	John Scott
Patrick Doster	James Smith and
F	James Brown
Elizabeth W. For-	Tempy Steward
rest	T
Sam'l Forsythe	Sam'l Thomson
Th. T. J. Fowler 2	Ellen S. Thomson
G	W
Moses W. Guess	L. M. Woods
II	David Williams 3
Richard Heneslee	James Workman
Wilson Horner	Wm. H. Woods 3
Thos. B. Hill	Wm. Ward
Geo. W. Haywood	Wm. A. Whitfield
Thos. W. Holden 2	Lemuel Wilkerson
J	Y
Austin Jeffries	Hillery Yearain
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.	
THOS. CLANCY, P. M.	
July 1st, 1839.	
77-	

UNION HOTEL,

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C. MARY A. PALMER & SON respectfully tender thanks to their friends and the public generally, for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to them; and would inform the public that they have put themselves to considerable pains and expense in repairing and fitting up their establishment, that stronger inducements may be offered for public patronage.

Due attention will be paid to their Table, which shall be furnished with the best market can afford. Their Bar will be supplied with Liquors of the best quality, and Ice in abundance. Their Stables will be supplied with abundant provender and careful attendance. The travelling public are invited to give them a call, and they are assured that every exertion will be made to give satisfaction.

Two or three families can be accommodated with board and good rooms. The Raleigh Standard will insert the above three weeks. June 19, 75-

GOELICK'S

Matchless Sanative.

THE subscriber keeps this invaluable medicine for sale at Pleasant Grove Post Office, Orange County. Its merits have been abundantly tested in the cure of the Consumption, diseases of the Liver, &c. GAB. B. LEA, Agent. Pleasant Grove, Orange, April 3. 84-

Stray.

Taken up by Henry Tiedel, living near the Shallow Ford, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange county on the 23rd day of May, a HEIFER, two or three years old, of a yellowish colour, with a white spot on its forehead, a smooth crop off its right ear. Valued at four dollars. JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger. June 19, 75-

Stray.

Taken up by Jesse McFarlane, living fourteen or fifteen miles south east from Hillsborough, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange county on the 17th instant, a sorrel MARE, with a blaze in her face, white spots on each side of her shoulder, her fore top cut off, shod all round, five feet one inch high, fifteen or sixteen years old, V. valued at \$17 50. JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger. June 19, 75-

Stray.

Taken up by Jesse McFarlane, living fourteen or fifteen miles south east from Hillsborough, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange county on the 17th instant, a sorrel MARE, with a blaze in her face, white spots on each side of her shoulder, her fore top cut off, shod all round, five feet one inch high, fifteen or sixteen years old, V. valued at \$17 50. JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger. June 19, 75-

FEMALE SCHOOL, IN HILLSBOROUGH.

THE Fall Session of Mrs. & Mrs. BUNWELL'S SCHOOL, will commence on the first Monday in August.

English Studies,	\$17 50
Music,	25 00
Drawing,	10 00
French,	15 00

Those desiring more information, are referred to the following gentlemen, most of whom have children or wards at this school.

- Hon. F. Nash,
- Dr. James Webb,
- J. W. Norwood, esq.
- W. Cain, sen. esq.
- Judge Mangum, Orange.
- Rev. D. Lacy, Raleigh.
- Rev. F. Nash, Lincoln.

The Raleigh Register and Star will insert four times each. June 15. 75-

HILLSBOROUGH

FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE Trustees of this institution, take pleasure in announcing to Parents and Guardians that the exercises of the ensuing session will commence on the 18th July next. The well known qualifications of those engaged in conducting it, the great advantages of its location in point of health, and the eminent morality of the community in which it is situated, conspire to give this Academy high claims on the confidence of the public. The studies of the classes are as follows:

- Of the 1st Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with the use of the Globes, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mythology, Botany, Rhetoric, Astronomy, Dictation and Composition.
- Of the 2nd Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with the use of the Globes, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Dictation and Composition.
- Of the 3d Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography.
- Of the 4th Class.—Spelling, Reading, Writing, and the Tables in Arithmetic.

TERMS OF TUITION, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

First Class,	\$17 00
Second Class,	15 00
Third Class,	15 00
Fourth Class,	12 50
Music on Piano or Guitar,	25 00
Drawing and Painting,	12 00
French Language,	15 00
Working on Canvas,	5 00
Working on Muslin,	3 00

J. S. SMITH, CAD. JONES, Sen'r. WM. CAIN, HUGH WADDELL, STEPHEN MOORE, NATHAN HOOKER, P. H. MANGUM.

The Raleigh Star and Standard will insert four times. June 19. 75-4w

A. J. DAVIE will sail for England in July, and will purchase BLOOD STOCK for any one wishing to improve their Horses, Cattle or Sheep. Letters addressed to him at Hillsborough, N. C. will be attended to. June 19. 75-

Stray.

Taken up by Mebane Jackson, living five miles east from Hillsborough, on Eno, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange county on the 8th instant, a brown MARE, two hind feet white, away back; four feet eight inches high, about twenty years old. Valued at \$12 50. JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger. June 19.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE Hillsborough Recorder,

PUBLISHED BY D. HEARTT.

SINCE the enlargement of the Recorder, considerable accessions have been made to the subscription list, and the Editor has been encouraged to hope that he was about to receive such an amount of patronage as would not only compensate him for his arduous and unceasing labors, but enable him further to improve the appearance and add to the usefulness of his paper. But to realize this hope, the active assistance of his friends is required. He has perfect confidence in the justice of the cause and the soundness of the principles which he advocates; and having truth for his polar star, he has neither wavered nor faltered, even in the darkest hour. He believes that the entire Whig party are actuated by the same pure motive, and in their determination to preserve undiminished their high privileges, are animated by a zeal not less fervent than his own. The rich legacy which was won for us by the active hands and strong arms of the Whigs of the Revolution, the Whigs of the present day know can be preserved only by untiring watchfulness and jealous guardianship. Unity of principle and feeling is calculated to produce unity of action; the Editor of the Recorder therefore trusts, that all true-hearted Whigs will co-operate with him, by assisting in the extension of the circulation of his paper.

Those of his fellow citizens who differ with the Editor on some of the questions of general policy, are assured that the discussion of all political subjects, he will endeavor so to constrain himself as

"Nothing is so necessary, Nor set down ought in malice," but in truth and soberness to do justice to all parties. A large portion of the columns of the Recorder will be devoted to entertaining Miscellaneous, Moral Essays, Agriculture, and articles of Domestic and Foreign Intelligence; and amid this variety it is hoped that all will find matter to amuse and instruct.

The terms of subscription to the Recorder are as heretofore—two dollars and fifty cents in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. July 3. 75-

Stray.

Taken up by Jesse McFarlane, living fourteen or fifteen miles south east from Hillsborough, and entered on the Stray Book of Orange county on the 17th instant, a sorrel MARE, with a blaze in her face, white spots on each side of her shoulder, her fore top cut off, shod all round, five feet one inch high, fifteen or sixteen years old, V. valued at \$17 50. JOHN A. FAUCETT, Ranger. June 19, 75-



## HOW TO REDUCE YOUR HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

"My dear, I want some money for a shopping tour." "My love, I cannot afford it." "I do not call often." "Only six times a week." "That is but once a day, at any rate—but if I cannot have it, I cannot. I suppose I can fudge through the Summer with the Spring fashions."

The discussion had become somewhat in earnest—and half a pout gently curled the young wife's under lip. The husband was fond but not foolish—though some will have it that the terms are synonymous. He proposed the terms of a compromise, to which the wife, glad of new employment, assented. He told her what he could appropriate for the whole household expenses, rent excluded, and putting the week's allowance in her hands, installed her chancellor of the domestic exchequer, and keeper of the purse.

"Now," said he, "if you can manage to feed us all comfortably, and still do your private shopping—try it. Here is precisely the sum I have used weekly for housekeeping alone, and it is as much as I can spare."

The little wife soon discovered that the price of beef was abominable, and provided a cheaper substitute. Sir Lion was no longer deemed essential three times in a week, and some very worthy commoners, Messrs. Mutton, Lamb and Veal, were raised to the peerage. The wife's Mother Glasse's lore was put in requisition, and the table was graced occasionally with very clever *rienfacimientos* of the fragments of yesterday's dinner. All the mysteries of pudding, pie, and domestic confectionary and fancy bread filled up the corners, and used up the unconsidered trifles which are too apt to be forgotten in a family not actually starving.

And how did they live? Most comfortably. The husband declared that he never fared so well in his life—but asked no questions. The wife wanted nothing but time to go shopping in. Women are always better Sub-Treasurers than men; and the money she managed to abstract, and still leave no apparent *hiatus* in the daily fair, would have astonished any one of the great departed servants of our friend Uncle Sam.

Bargaining in one department taught the lady to bargain in others. Having no occasion to go shopping for amusement, she went just twice in the week, for actual purchases; and those she made at a fair price. The mere say of a fashionable milliner, or a dry goods clerk, did not induce her to believe an article worth a hundred per cent. more than its value. She pinned them down to their facts and figures, and made her purchases as if she wished to save money, rather than spend what she had, and assault her husband for more. So slipped the week—the happiest one for both parties to the matrimonial copartnership, they had ever known. He attended to his proper business down town—she had employment about the house which relieved her of ennui, and cared her of all inclination to extravagance.

At the week's end there was something over, which she tendered to her husband. "But you want a new hat, my dear." "Oh, no, not at present. This can be trimmed, and will answer till the summer style is settled." "You told me last week you must have some new frocks." "I know I thought so, and have made some purchases this week—but my wardrobe is, on the whole, quite respectable, and I am sure I can manage." "So you have learned to manage, have you? but I don't want this money." "What shall I do with it, then?" "Oh, there are rent, fuel, clothing for children, servants, wages and other matters, all coming due in their season. You must put this to next week's share—and meet all your expenses, as they fall." "Then I am to be permanently in office?" "Certainly, until you *Swartwout*—and with no other bond than this!"

"Why, father, I think you are childish," said the little girl, as she burst into the room. Children will intrude sometimes. "To make too long a story short, our friend finds this an excellent domestic arrangement. Women, to be prudent in money or in secrets, require only to be trusted; and many a lady gads expensively for mere lack of employment. Try them, husbands." *N. Y. Star.*

A very amusing scene occurred in one of the adjoining counties during the sitting of the Circuit Court. A constable who had been lately indicted into office, was in attendance on the Court, and was ordered by the Judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began at the top of his lungs, "John Bell and Elizabeth Bell."

"One at a time," said the Judge. "One at a time, one at a time, one at a time," shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the Judge out of patience. "Now you've done it, now you've done it, now you've done it," yelled the constable. There was no standing this—and court, bar, and bystanders, broke out into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

The Southern Patriot, of Charleston, S. C., an administration journal, and an able political economist, believes that the time is at hand "when some remedy must be found for the derangement of domestic exchanges, and the means adopted of establishing, on a durable basis, a money power, in some shape, to regulate the currency, and resist, by organization, the undue influence on American interests of the Bank of England!"

## Attention!

To the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Musicians belonging to the 2nd and 3rd Regiments of North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby notified and ordered to attend at Mason Hall, on Friday the 13th day of July next, at 11 o'clock, equipped as the law directs, for drill muster and court martial; and on Saturday the 14th, at 11 o'clock, you will attend with your respective companies, armed and equipped as the law directs, for battalion exercise.

PAISLEY NELSON, Major. June 25. 76-

## Important to Wheat Growers.

THE subscriber owns the right of making and vending Samuel S. Allen's Portable Horse Power and Threshing Machine, in the counties of Guilford, Caswell, Person, and Orange, in North Carolina, and Pittsylvania, in Virginia, and is now prepared to furnish them of superior quality, with the addition of composition boxes to the shafts. Price \$175.

Upwards of a dozen of these machines were put in operation by him the past year, all of which gave entire satisfaction to the purchasers, and as an additional evidence of their superiority, it can be shown that this machine secured the first premium for three successive years at the fair of the American Institute in New York.

Orders addressed to him, Milton, N. C. will be promptly attended to.

C. H. RICHMOND. Milton June 8. 75-4w

## GOELICK'S Matchless Sanative.

THIS invaluable Medicine, which has performed astonishing cures in the Consumption, and other diseases of the liver, is kept constantly for sale by the subscriber, at Hartshorn Post Office, Orange county.

HENRY FOGLEMAN. March 13. 71-61

## Notice—Taxes.

I SHALL attend at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the Tax due for the year 1838, to wit:

On Monday the 1st of July, at Jesse Durham's.  
Tuesday the 2d, at John Newlin's.  
Wednesday the 3d, at Rufin's Mills.  
Thursday the 4th, at Michael Albright's.  
Friday the 5th, at Mrs. Mary Long's.  
Saturday the 6th, at Michael Holt's.  
Monday the 8th, at John S. Turrentine's.  
Tuesday the 9th, at George Faucett's.  
Wednesday the 10th, at Chesley F. Faucett's.  
Thursday the 11th, at James Hutchinson's.  
Friday the 12th, at Andrew McCauley's.  
Saturday the 13th, at Mason Hall.  
Monday the 15th, at Hillsborough.  
Tuesday the 16th, at Alvos Nichols's.  
Wednesday the 17th, at Mrs. McKee's.  
Thursday the 18th, at Abner Parker's.  
Friday the 19th, at William Lipscomb's.  
Saturday the 20th, at Jarvis Wilkerson's.  
Monday the 22d, at Zachariah Trice's Store (Dillard's).  
Tuesday the 23d, at Z. Herndon's old Store.  
Wednesday the 24th, at W. Trice's Store.  
Thursday the 25th, at Chapel Hill.  
Friday the 26th, at William H. Woods's.

The Magistrates appointed to receive the list of Taxes for 1839, will attend in their respective districts at the times and places above mentioned.

JAMES C. TURRENTINE, Sg. June 12. 74-7

## A FRESH SUPPLY OF Confectionaries, &c.

## MRS. VA SEUR

HAS the pleasure to inform the public, that she has just received a large supply of articles in her line, among which are, Candies, Nuts of various kinds, Preserved Sweetmeats, Raisins, Currants, Dates and Prunes, Oranges and Lemons, Cocoa Nuts, Segars of various kinds, Toys for Children, and a variety of articles too numerous to mention. The Fruit and Nuts are of the last year's crop, and of excellent quality. She has also several fine SPICED OYSTERS, which will be sold by the jar at a reduced price. The article is excellent.

Mrs. V. would also inform the public, that she has just put her SODA FOUNTAIN in operation, and will furnish to her customers this refreshing draught every day in the week. Sundays excepted. She will have ICE CREAM also, on all the said days, except Monday.

The public are respectfully invited to give her a call.

June 5. 73-

## Commission & Forwarding Business.

THE subscribers have established themselves in Wilmington for the transaction of the above business, and solicit a share of public patronage. Having been accustomed to the business, and intending to devote their attention exclusively to it, they pledge themselves to give satisfaction to those who may patronize them. Merchants living in the interior may rely on having prompt and early services of arrival and shipment of their Goods, and those who supply themselves with Groceries from Wilmington, will be regularly advised of arrivals, and the state of the market. Strict attention will also be given to the sale of Produce, Lumber, Timber, &c.

M. SARY & M. TAGGART. Wilmington, May 20, 1839. 72-3m

## House and Lot

For Sale—in Hillsborough.

The subscriber finding it necessary, on account of the location of his business, to remove his family to Chapel Hill, wishes to sell his House and Lot, which he now occupies, and which is situated on Churton or Main street, near the Presbyterian Church; is very convenient to the market and business part of the town, and yet sufficiently private to answer well the purposes of a private family. It contains near an acre of ground, and has on it a large two-story framed Dwelling, good Kitchen, Smoke-House, and other out houses, all of which are comparatively new, having been built by Mr. Simpson within a few years, and occupied by him as a summer residence. The dwelling house has four rooms, with a good fire place in each; and two more rooms may be added with very little expense. The garden, which is very rich, is almost entirely level, and free from stones. Possession may be had at any time, on a very low day's notice. For terms apply to Mr. James Phillips of this place, or to the subscriber.

JAMES C. HOLDAND. December 4. 48-

## Junto Academy.

THIS Institution, twelve miles north-west from Hillsborough, Orange county, N. C. and six miles north of Mason Hall, enjoys a location in the midst of an agreeable neighborhood, surrounded by a pleasant country, which an exceedingly pure and salubrious atmosphere, a peaceful seclusion and other important advantages, combine to render peculiarly eligible and inviting. Here the student is invited, by the prospect of study, uninterrupted by ill health, and those other causes which frequently so much retard the progress of youth. Here the path to virtue and honorable distinction lies open before him, with few, but rural allurements, to withdraw him from the pursuit, with comparatively few temptations to lead him astray.

The student who comes here is forthwith incorporated into a family, which hitherto, has been a contented and happy one; over whom a parental government is exercised, and a vigilant eye kept. He immediately becomes the subject of all a father's solicitude, exertions and anxieties.

As it is designed that this institution shall be a classical school of the highest grade, classical literature constitutes a distinct department, under the immediate and particular supervision of the Principal himself. Ample provisions are made to prepare students for any of the Universities of the country, or to impart to those who design only to take an academical course, a thorough acquaintance with classical literature.

The English department, which is separate and distinct, is under the direction of an efficient and competent instructor; so that all requisite facilities are afforded for the prosecution of such English studies as are generally pursued in Academies of the highest grade. The Principal is now making extensive additions to his accommodations for boarders, so that in a short time rooms will be open for 18 or 20 boarders. Good board can also be procured in the neighborhood.

Tuition in the Classical Department, per session of five months, \$12 50.  
English Department, \$8 per session.  
Board per month, exclusive of lights, \$7 50.  
The present session will end on the 15th of June next.

The next session will commence on the 15th of July.

Those who may wish to correspond with the Principal of this Academy, will please to address him as Postmaster at Junto.

D. W. KERR. April 16. 65-

## Stray.

STRAYED from the subscriber, living on Stony Creek, Orange county, a Sorrel FILLEY, three years old, with a small blaze in the face, mane mostly on the left side, tail shorn with a knife, one hind foot white, four feet nine or ten inches high. Any information concerning said filley will be thankfully received. The filley left about the first of April.

GEORGE DICKEY. May 8. 69-1f

## PROSPECTUS OF THE CASKET, AND Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers having purchased of Mr. S. C. Atkinson the well known Monthly Magazine entitled the Casket, have determined in some respects to alter the character of the periodical. It has for a long time been a subject of complaint that the articles which appear in the Saturday Evening Post were regularly transferred to the pages of the Casket, and consequently that the readers of the one lost all interest in the other. To obviate this difficulty, and to render the Magazine in all respects what its extensive circulation demands, the subscribers have at some pains and much expense, secured regular contributors to the work, and consequently hereafter the Casket will stand upon its own basis, and they have determined that no exertions shall be wanting to make it the most desirable Magazine in the country.

The aim of the Editors will be to produce a publication which shall at once be valuable in matter, and choice in taste and style; and they flatter themselves, from the known talents of their contributors, that they will be able to present as many good original articles to their readers as any publication of the day. They shall not, however, hesitate from time to time, to publish articles from English authors, and translations from the best German and French authors, provided the pieces have never before appeared in print in this country. Essays on important subjects will likewise be inserted, and criticism on the literature of America and the age. A review department will accompany the Magazine, in which a large and liberal spirit of criticism will always be maintained. For the defence of American literature the editors will always be ready, and for the maintenance of a correct taste they will, if possible, be still more watchful.

Each number will contain an engraving from a Splendid Steel Plate, procured at a great cost, and illustrating an accompanying tale. An approved piece of Music, arranged for the Piano Forte or Guitar will appear in every number.

The May number, which was the first issued by the new proprietors, having met with so flattering a reception, the subscribers have the more pleasure in informing the readers that the June number will be in every respect superior to the last, containing a Splendid Steel Engraving of the Surf at Madras, with an accompanying sketch of thrilling interest.

The July number will be the commencement of a new volume, when a new type, and finer paper, and a better page will be adopted. The Casket contains three sheets, and is therefore, at two dollars and fifty cents a year, the cheapest Magazine in America. In consequence of this low price, however, no subscription will be received unless paid in advance. This rule is absolutely necessary, and cannot be departed from.

The present subscribers who have paid in advance will be served as usual, and those who are now in arrears, or do not remit prior to the end of the present volume, will be necessarily discontinued. The Casket will be printed and issued as usual, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, where all orders paid, will be attended to. Communications must be addressed to the editors at the same place.

Editors who may see this advertisement, are requested to give it any such insertions as may be convenient, and forward a copy (marked with ink) to the office, and directed (which will save postage) to "the Post," which courtesy will be promptly acknowledged by an exchange.

TERMS—\$2 50 per annum. To clubs, five copies yearly for ten dollars, invariably in advance.

G. R. GRAHAM & Co., P. S. Postmasters and others who have heretofore acted as agents for the Casket, will please continue to act in that capacity for the new proprietors.

Philadelphia, May, 1839. 73-

BLANKS for sale at this Office.

## Attention!

To the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Officers and Musicians belonging to the 2nd and 3rd Regiments of North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby notified and ordered to attend at Captain George B. Morrow's, on Friday the 26th day of July next, at 11 o'clock, equipped as the law directs, for drill muster and court martial; and on Saturday the 27th, at 11 o'clock, you will attend with your respective companies, armed and equipped as the law directs, for battalion exercise.

WM. SHAW, Lieut. Col. June 25. 76-

## To the Fashionable World.

## The Latest Fashions JUST RECEIVED.

MR. LEVY'S CARBONABLE has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from the North, from whence he has furnished himself with the Latest Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS; and is prepared to have work executed accordingly, having first rate Northern Workmen.

The faithfulness with which he has heretofore endeavored to have executed with taste and despatch the work put into his hands, he hopes will be a sufficient guarantee that no pains will be spared to please those who may now favor him with their custom.

Persons from a distance who may order work, may expect it to be done with the same promptness as if individually present. All orders will be faithfully executed.

May 2. 63-

## Fashionable Tailoring.

## NEW SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS.

## Mr. Robert F. Pleasants.

WOULD respectfully return thanks to the generous public who have heretofore favored him with their custom; and informs them that he has just received the latest and most approved Spring and Summer Fashions, and is well prepared to execute work in his line.

## A SUPERIOR STYLE,

promising despatch, neatness, and durability. No pains will be spared on his part to please those who may patronize him. His friends and the public generally, are respectfully solicited to give him a call. It is not his disposition to measure words of promise, or to cut out ideas to please the fancy—but the plain thread of his advertisement presents the habits of truth, which will be fitted up to the letter.

His Shop is directly opposite the Post Office, and two doors above the Farmer's Hotel.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to.

Hillsborough, May 24, 1839. 71f-

## Moffat's Life Pills,

## AND PHENIX BITTERS.

THE universal estimation in which the celebrated LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS are held, is satisfactorily demonstrated by the increasing demand for them in every state and section of the Union, and by the voluntary testimonials to their remarkable efficacy which are every where offered. It is not less from a deeply gratifying confidence that they are the means of extensive and inestimable good among his afflicted fellow creatures, than from interested considerations, that the proprietor of these pre-eminent success-fell medicines is desirous of keeping them constantly before the public eye. The sale of every additional box and bottle is a guarantee that some person will be relieved from a greater or less degree of suffering, and be improved in general health; for in no case of suffering from disease can they be taken in vain. The proprietor has never known nor been informed of an instance in which they have failed to do good. In the most obstinate cases of chronic diseases, such as chronic dyspepsia, torpid liver, rheumatism, asthma, nervous and bilious head ache, costiveness, piles, general debility, scrofulous swellings and ulcers, scurvy, salt rheum, and all other chronic affections of the organs and membranes, their effect cures with a rapidity and permanency which few persons would theoretically believe, but to which thousands have testified from happy experience. In colds and coughs, which, if neglected, superinduce the most fatal diseases of the lungs, and indeed of the viscera in general, these medicines, if taken but for three or four days, never fail. Taken at night, they so promote the insensible perspiration, and so relieve the system of febrile action and febrile obstructions, as to produce a most delightful sense of convalescence in the morning; and though the usual symptoms of a cold should partially return during the day, the repetition of a suitable dose at the next hour of bed time will almost invariably effect permanent relief, without further aid. Their effect upon fevers of a more acute and violent kind is not less sure and speedy, if taken in proportionable quantity, and persons retreating to bed with inflammatory symptoms of the most alarming kind, will awake with the gratifying consciousness that the three medicines have been overthrown and can easily be subdued. In the same way, visceral turgescence, though long established, will yield in inflammation, however critical, and violent the former to small and the latter to large doses of the Life Pills; and so also hysterical affections, hypochondriacism, restlessness, and very many other varieties of the Neurological class of diseases, yield to the efficacy of the Phenix Bitters. Full directions for the use of these medicines, and showing their distinctive applicability to different complaints, accompanying them; and they can be obtained, wholesale and retail, at 367 Broadway, where numerous certificates of their unparalleled success are always open to inspection.

For further particulars of the above Medicines see the "Good Samaritan," a copy of which accompanies each box and bottle, or may also be had on application to the Agent. French, German, and Spanish directions, can be obtained on application at the office, 367 Broadway.

All post paid letters will receive immediate attention.

Sold wholesale and retail by WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, 367 Broadway, New York. A liberal deduction made to those who purchase to sell again.

The Life Medicines may all be had of the principal druggists in every town throughout the United States and the Canada. Ask for Moffat's Life Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure that a fac simile of John Moffat's signature is upon the label of each bottle of bitters or box of pills.

The above medicines are for sale at the Office of the Hillsborough Recorder—where a constant supply will be kept.

D. HEARTT, Agent. May 2. 66-



## Just Received A LARGE SUPPLY OF SPRING GOODS.

## O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received, and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring Supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

## A Large and General Assortment of Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Satinets, FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRINTS, PRINTED LAWNS & MUSLINS, Black & Coloured Silks, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Hardware and Cutlery, Shot Guns, Hats, and hoes, Bonnets, Crockery, Cotton Yarn, School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

April 15. 65-

## NEW WATCHES, Jewellery, &c. &c.



THE subscriber, having just returned from Philadelphia, where he has been to procure articles in his line of business, and the pleasure of offering to his friends, and the public generally, a handsome and excellent assortment of

## Gold and Silver Levers, PLAIN AND VERGE WATCHES,

Fine Gold Chains, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Pencils, Silver Tea and Table Spoons, Music Boxes, Knives, &c. &c.

Also, a good assortment of Perfumery.

All of which, being selected by himself, he can promise will be found excellent articles.

Particular attention will be given to the repair of Watches committed to his charge; and all work put into his hands will be executed with reasonable despatch.

LEMUEL LYNCH. April 1. 63-

## BETHMONT Female Academy.

THE exercises of this institution, (twelve miles south west from Hillsborough,) will commence on the first day of February, and will continue without intermission for two sessions; the vacation will be given in the months of December and January. The price of tuition is eight dollars a session; Drawing and Painting five dollars extra. The increase of this school is a sufficient evidence of the general satisfaction which Mrs. Morrow has given in the management of her school; and we hesitate not to say, that those who wish to give their daughters a liberal education would do well to confide them to her care.

Board, five dollars a month.

THOS. D. OLDHAM, JAMES THOMPSON, ELIJAH PICKARD.

December 22. 61-

## The Semi-Weekly Whig.

THE first number of the Semi-Weekly edition of The New York Whig is herewith submitted to the public. It will be regularly published henceforth every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, on a sheet of the size of the Daily Whig and half the size of the Weekly, and forwarded by the earliest mails to their patrons. It will contain all the matter of the Daily Whig except the advertisements, and be afforded at the low price of Three Dollars per annum in advance. It is believed that this is the cheapest Semi-Weekly paper in the country.

The character of the New York Whig—Daily and Weekly—is now widely known. It has been published about sixteen months, and in that brief period has acquired an extensive circulation, and we trust, a fair standing among its contemporaries. It aims to present in a medium sheet an amount of reading matter fully equal to the average of the Great Dailies of New York and our other Commercial cities. Its contents will comprise Literature, Politics and General Intelligence, in about equal proportions. In the Literary Department, no great pretensions are made to originality, but the best repositories of Foreign and American Literature are open to its conductors, and they endeavor to select therefrom a varied and interesting banquet. In General Intelligence, we hope to be neither behind nor inferior to our immediate contemporaries. In Politics, our journal will be all that its name purports—fearlessly, zealously, and we trust, efficiently, Whig. Experienced pens are enlisted in its service, and we trust that it will render good service to the country in the advocacy of sound principles and good measures, and the fearless exposure of the iniquities, corruptions and ruinous tendencies of Loco Focoism.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by J. GREGG WILSON & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York, May 9. 75-

## NEW Spring and Summer GOODS.

THE subscribers having opened a Store in the well-known house, formerly occupied by Col. Shields, on Churton street, one door below the Post Office, are now receiving a general assortment of

## Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

of almost every description, which will be sold as low as they can be offered in this market; we will not say lower, as promises are of little avail, but hope our friends, and those wishing to purchase, will examine our stock previous to buying elsewhere, and let our actions speak instead of words.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Persian Cloth, Bombazines, Craple Camlets, French, English and American Prints, Printed LAWNS and MUSLINS, Black, Blue-Black, and Coloured Silks, &c. &c. &c.

ALSO, Hardware and Cutlery, Glass, Queensware, Crockery, and Stone Ware, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Bonnets, Cotton Yarn, Castings and Seythe Blades, Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, Powder, Shot, Nails, Window Glass, White Lead, &c. &c. &c.

And many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and see.

PARKER & NELSON. April 18. 66-

## Bonnets and Shoes.

THE subscribers have just received an additional supply of Bonnets and Shoes, which, with their former stock, comprises a General Assortment.

PARKER & NELSON. May 14. 70-

## FARMER'S HOTEL.



## Mr. Richardson Nichols

HAS taken charge of this well known establishment, and is prepared to accommodate Travellers in a comfortable manner.

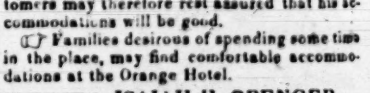
Stage passengers will find it very convenient, as it is directly opposite the Post Office.

Regular Boarders will be received on accommodating terms.

August 15. 32--

## ORANGE HOTEL.

Hillsborough, N. C.



THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that this large and commodious establishment, situated on the street leading directly west from the Court House, is now open for the reception of Travellers and Regular Boarders. Having erected this building especially for a Hotel, no expense or pains will be spared to give it character abroad, his customers may therefore rest assured that his accommodations will be good.

Families desirous of spending some time in the place, may find comfortable accommodations at the Orange Hotel.

ISAIAH H. SPENCER. October 17. 41f-

## Boarding House.

A FEW regular Boarders can be accommodated by the subscriber, at the old